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ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET - RANGER'S SONG

ANNOUNCER: The advance of Spring each year heralds the approach of the summer grazing season on the western National Forests. Eager to get their stock onto the fresh green feed the stockmen beset the Ranger with requests to let them turn their stock on the forest range before the established opening date. Holding them off is sometimes a problem for the Ranger. A little leeway is sometimes given but not before the Ranger has inspected the range and determined that forage plants have developed sufficiently that they will not be injured by trampling of the stock.

Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick, up on the Pine Cone District, are getting ready to make an early range inspection today. As we tune in at the station we find them out at the barn. Jim is giving old Dolly some kind of a beauty treatment. Let's look in on 'em -

JIM: Whoa, Dolly (BRUSHES) Stand over, (SLAPS HER) You old -

JERRY: How you coming, Jim? - What Spark.

JIM: I'll be ready pronto, Jerry. This old mare's dirtier than a mud fence - gotta get some of it off before I saddle, or she'll have a sore back. (TAPS COMB)

JERRY: Oh, heck. - Throw the brush at her and come on.

JIM: No sir, on a long ride like this it pays to have 'em clean. I guess that'll do. Now all I can get this old saddle on, Jerry, we'll be off in a jiffy. (SLAPS SADDLE ON) (HORSE GRUNTS) Whoa-There, now, that's a girl.

JERRY: It's a long trip over all that cow-range.

JIM: Oh, we won't aim to cover it all.

JERRY: No, but we've got to see enough of it to know how the forage is coming.

JIM: Yap, we gotta see that the range is ready.

JERRY: The cow-men are sure mean' to go.

JIM: I know. They've been phoning every day. - Sam Riggs lost a cow on alfalfa yesterday and he's anxious to get his stall off the fields.

JERRY: Too bad - but we can't let 'em on till the range is right. Come on Spark (HORSES WALK OUT OF BARS) Whoa now - (MOUNTS) All right, Jim. (HORSES WALK) I'll open the gate, Jim. See - I don't have to get off. Come Spark. (GATE CREAKS)

JIM: Pretty good training, Jerry - can you close it?

JERRY: I'll say - (GATE CREAKS) Spark can almost do it alone. Wise old horse, aren't you, old pal? (PATS HORSE) I'll get the lunch, Jim.

JIM: I'll get 'em. I gotta get some matches and a few more cartridges anyhow. Might see some coyotes. Whoa, Dolly. (DISMOUNTS) (PAUSE) (CALLS-OFF) Need anything else, Jerry?

JERRY: (LOUDER) No, I reckon not. - Get my gun and larier. - Don't think of anything else.

JIM: (COMING UP) All right. - Whoa, Dolly. Get your feet off that rein. (MOUNTS) All set, Jerry? (HORSES WALK) Here's your lunch.

(FADEOUT)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADE IN HORSES GALLOPING - STOP DOWN TO TALK)

JERRY: There, old boy, that was a good run. I guess you feel better, now, huh?

JIM: Yeah, that oughta take the tickle outta their feet.

JERRY: That grass is starting pretty well here.

JIM: Yeah, it's comin' along. - There's a little poison lookin' showin' up, too.

JERRY: Yeah, but not enough to do any damage.

(FAINT CALL - OFF)

JERRY: What was that? (CALL CLOSER) It's up the hill.

JIM: Yeah, sounds that way - whoa, Dolly. (HORSES STOP - CALL CLOSER) Sounds kinda crazy, don't it?

JERRY: Yes, it does. (CALLS) Yeh-ho! (PAUSE) Yeh-h-o. There he is! (CALLS) Hey, there!

MAN: (COMING UP) Hey, my boy's lost! He's lost! - I can't find him!

JIM: Whoa, Dolly. Take it easy, old man. - What's this about your boy?

MAN: He's lost. - We've gotta get help! - Quick!

JIM: Why, of course we'll help you - tell us -

MAN: Get the Sheriff - and men - he's been gone all night -

JIM: (STERNLY) Here, now, steady, old man - We're forest rangers, we'll -

MAN: Forest rangers? - Thank heavens! Help me out, quick, will you?

JIM: Hold on a minute now. - You'd better tell us more about it,

MAN: (LAUGHS EXCITEDLY) Sure - I'm about crazy, I guess. (FADING)
Been hunting all night

JERRY: Hey, steady, old man. Here, Jim, he's gonna pass out.

MAN: (WEAKLY) I'm all right - just played out, I guess.

JERRY: You must be - Jim, get my lunch.

MAN: No - no - I couldn't eat anything (LOUDER) We've gotta find my boy.

JERRY: Sure, we'll find 'im - tell us about 'im.

MAN: He left camp yesterday on a horse -

JIM: What camp?

MAN: Mine, of course, he -

JIM: Where's your camp?

MAN: At some big meadows on the South Fork - we were camping there, and he wanted to take a ride up the trail and - and he didn't come back.

JIM: I see - well, we'll find 'im.

JERRY: That must be over this ridge west, Jim. - That'll we do! Go over there?

JIM: Let's see - we may need help. - Maybe we'd better go over and get the lay of the land first though. Might find tracks this morning that'd help us.

JERRY: Yeah we might. - Here, mister, get on my horse.

MAN: Oh no, I'll walk. - Come on.

JERRY: Not by a long shot - we'll all ride - he'll carry double - we'll make better time that way.

MAN: All right - you've gotta hurry though.

JERRY: Sure, come on. Whoa, Spark. (MOUNTS)

(FADEOUT HORSES WALKING)

(FADEIN " ")

MAN: Are you sure you know the way? It seems awfully far.

JIM: Yes, I know every foot of it. - it's not far, now.

MAN: Seems like we're goin' the wrong direction.

JIM: No, we're going straight, if you're sure your camp is on the South Fork.

MAN: Well, I guess it was the South Fork. - There's a sign down at the end of the road that says South Fork Trail.

JIM: You're right then. - Step along, Dolly.

JERRY: What's your boy's name?

MAN: Denny. - Mine's Beldon - Danny Beldon.

JERRY: Thought I'd better know it when we found him - lost people sometimes get panicky and run away from folks hunting 'em.

MAN: Do you think we can find him?

JIM: Sure as shootin', Mr. Beldon. - This is a big country but I know every inch of it.

JERRY: Don't you worry, Mister, if we don't find him right away I'll run down and get a gang of the CCC boys.

MAN: We'll need 'em. - I hunted everywhere.

JIM: Your camp ought to be right down there.

MAN: That don't look like the place.

JIM: We'll go down there and see - that's the South Fork and those are the only meadows on it. Where was your camp?

MAN: Right at the lower end.

JERRY: Have a tent, Beldon?

MAN: Yes, a small one. - It's in some pines.

JERRY: There it is, then, right over there.

MAN: Well, what do you know - I'd never have found it.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Looks like you were lost, too, Beldon, it's lucky we ran onto you. - Come on, Dolly.

MAN: Me lost? - Ey gosh, I musta been - and Danny's just a little kid - he'd never find his way back.

JIM: We'll find 'im - Got any canned milk or soup, or such like?

MAN: I've got some canned milk, why?

JIM: The boy'll be pretty hungry when we find'im and we haven't anything but a couple of sandwiches. - Better get us a cat. Whoa, Dolly.

MAN: You bet. - You make us feel better, ranger.

JERRY: Whoa, Spark (DISMOUNTING) Come on, Beldon. (GRUTTS) Steady. Here, I'll help you down.

MAN: I'm all right. - We've gotta hurry and find Danny, though.

JERRY: You look pretty much all in, old man. You'd better take it easy awhile.

MAN: I've got to hunt for my boy!

JIM: Mr. Beldon, we'll find your boy, all right, but you've got to help, and I reckon you can help us most by staying right in your camp.

MAN: But look here, I've got to -

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Now see here, old man, you were lost when we found you, probably worse than the boy is. - You're about played out. - If you go alone we can't hurry up like we ought to. See?

JERRY: You'd better stay here and get a bite to eat, and have something ready for the kid when he brings him in, Beldan.

MAN: I guess you're right. I'll stay. Here's the milk.

JIM: Now you're talking. - Don't leave now 'till we come - some way did he go?

MAN: Right up that way.

JIM: Are you sure? - Was his horse shed?

MAN: Yeah, in front - he went right through those trees.

JERRY: Good - that'll help a lot. - Come on, Jim.

JIM: Well, see how, Beldan. Take it easy now. I want to look for tracks, Jerry - You lost Dolly away.

JERRY: Sure - come on, Spark. (HORSES WALK) (PAUSE)

JIM: (QUIETLY) There's no horse tracks, here, Jerry.

JERRY: Try that old cow-trail out there.

JIM: Yeah (PAUSE) (CALLS OFF) By Jingo, they're here - plain as day.

JERRY: Whoa. (HORSES STOP) Here's a man's tracks over in our trail, Jim.

JIM: (CLOSER) Those are Beldan's - I saw 'em. - That's why we didn't see any horse tracks, I reckon. Bad the wrong trail.

JERRY: Where does that old trail go to?

JIM: Doesn't go any place - plays out up there about a mile.

JERRY: Golly chuck, that'll make it tough.

JIM: (UP) Yeah, it will. - Let me get on Dolly now. I can follow those tracks on horseback. - Whoa, Dolly. (MOUNTS) You'll make much difference anyhow. He might not stay with the horse. (MOUNTS) Giddyup, Dolly. (HORSES TALK) (PAUSE)

JERRY: Maybe I had better get some CCC boys, Jim.

JIM: No, we'll try it a while first. - Stay ahead, Dolly. (SOUND OF TROTTING HORSE)

JERRY: Look Jim - there's a horse coming - maybe -

JIM: Yeah, - Quick Jerry - your horse - (HORSES STOP) Head him off, maybe, that, he's going to stop. - I'll try to catch him. (HORSES STOP) Whoa, boy, whoa.

JERRY: Better let me come in.

JIM: Ah, just what it needs - whoa, big fellow. - Easy now. Whoa-o-o-o - whoa. (HITS)

JERRY: Gee, Jim! he's been running a long ways - he's got to -

JIM: Hey, what's that on his leg? - A collar?

JERRY: It sure is - holy smoke, do you suppose - oh, I reckon it's from the CCC camp where he's escaped his keep.

JIM: But there's name on the saddle.

JERRY: Yeah, it does look like it - there on the horn. Come on let's hurry. - I can follow his tracks bear easy now. (HORSES TROT)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(HORSES PUFFING, WALKING)

JIM: He came right down this hill, Jerry.

JERRY: Can you see his tracks, yet?

JIM: Yes, but this trail runs into a grassy park here on top.
Wait a minute, - whoa. (HORSES STOP)

JERRY: Here's where he came through the grass.

JIM: Yes, that's it. Follow along that edge.

JERRY: Step along, Spark. (HORSES WALK) Can't see it any more, Jim.

JIM: We'd better tie up and take it about from here. Ride over
to those trees.

JERRY: Yeah, By gosh, this is goin' to be like hunting for a needle -
- Say, Jim, look there. - Whoa, Spark. (DISMOUNTS)

JIM: (DISMOUNTS) Ground's all tramped up. This cayuse was tied
up there, sure as the world - See - Shod tracks and bare
tracks -

JERRY: I'll tie 'em up - the boy must be around here someplace,
close. Whoa, Spark. (PAUSE) Can't find any tracks. - Can
you?

JIM: No, but I'll bet the kid slept - or tried to sleep - right
under this spruce. - The needles are all packed down smooth,
see?

JERRY: You're right. - If I wasn't afraid I'd scare the kid I'd
yell or shoot.

JIM: Better not, I reckon. - Suppose you go down along the edge
of the park and I'll go up through the timber and follow
along that ridge.

JERRY: Fair enough. I'll take my gun. - Two shots to call and three if we find the kid.

JIM: Yeah, let's see it's ten o'clock - be back here not later than twelve.

JERRY: O.K. That'll give me time to go for help before dark if we don't find 'is.

JIM: We'll find him, son.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: (TO SELF) Whew! Tough going - Hm - here's the kid track or I'm n - (WHISTLES - LOW AND LONG)

BOY: (OFF FAINTLY) That you, daddy?

JIM: (CALLS GENTLY) Come here, Danny. (PAUSE)

BOY: (APPROACHING) Oh, I thought you were my daddy.

JIM: No, I'm the forest ranger - Your daddy is down in camp - he's been looking for you. - Come on, let's go down there.

BOY: You bet - I'm kinda hungry - And thirsty and shivery.

JIM: I suspect you are, sonny - here - I'll wrap my sweater around you. - There - how's that? - Hm how did you scratch your hand so?

BOY: On a limb - It bled all over everything.

JIM: Yeh, I see. - Son, wait a minute, Danny. Let's see if I can hit that old magpie over there. (THREE SHOTS) (LAUGHS) Never touched him.

BOY: I can do that good. - Let me try it. There's another one over there, see?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) No, maybe we better not try to kill the poor bird. He hasn't done us any harm.

BOY: Can't I shoot the gun though?

JIM: All right. It's a pretty big gun for a fellow your size, but I guess you can shoot at that stump if you want. Three shots - same as mine.

(THREE SHOTS)

BOY: I hit it.

JIM: Yep. (CHUCKLES) You hit it all right.

(TWO SHOTS, OFF)

BOY: Somebody else is shootin'.

JIM: Yeah - I s'pose that's my partner, Jerry. Come on - let's hurry along - he's been hunting for you, too.

BOY: I knew Daddy would be looking for me - But I didn't know anybody else would.

JIM: Yep, we thought you might be lost. I'm going to take you down to your horse now - come on.

BOY: You caught him, did you?

JIM: Yes, he's tied down here - where you had him tied, I think.

BOY: The old horse ran away when I was trying to put the saddle-blanket back - you see I had to use it for a cover last night.

JIM: Yeah, I see. (PAUSE)

JERRY: (OFF) Hi Jim - Is everything all right?

JIM: Fit as a fiddle. - This is my partner, Danny.

BOY: Hello.

JERRY: Hello, Danny.

BOY: What's that?

JERRY: Canned milk. Wanta drink some?

BOY: I don't like it very well - but I couldn't find any water around here last night. I'm kinda thirsty.

JIM: Here, we'll punch a hole in the can - That's the stuff.

BOY: (GULPING) Mmm- tastes good. - Which way is camp?

JIM: Your dad's camp is over that way.

BOY: Gee, I got turned around, I guess. Old Blaze wanted to go up that way last night, but I wouldn't let 'im.

JIM: Sometimes the horse knows best, sonny. - Well (FADING OUT)
What do you say we move along?

(PAUSE)

(FADE IN - SOUND OF HORSES)

JIM: Well, here's your camp, sonny.

BOY: Gee, there's dad! - (CALLS) Hello, Dad!

MAX: (OFF) Danny! My boy! (COMING UP) My, it's good to hear your voice, Danny. Your old dad was pretty worried about you.

BOY: Aw gee, Dad, what were you worrying about?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Seems like you were more worried than the boy, Mr. Seldon. He was taking care of himself pretty well.

MAN: I guess he was. Say, I can't tell you rangers how grateful I am for finding that boy.

JIM: Don't mention it, Mister.

MAN: Can't I fix you all a bite to eat?

JIM: No thanks. We were aimin' to get in a little range inspection today, so I s'pect we better be hustlin' along. You've got a fine boy there, Mr. Beldon. Some day he's going to be a real woodsman.

BOY: Do you think some day I can be a Forest Ranger?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Maybe so, sonny. I reckon you'd make a good one.

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well, finding lost boys seems to be part of the ranger's job. Jim and Jerry got sidetracked from their scheduled job this morning, but that happens often. Maybe they'll have time to finish that range inspection this afternoon. Next Friday at this same time they'll be with us again. This program is a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

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